



American Girl™

July/August 1993

\$3.95

**Take a
Big
Bite of
Summer!**



Contents

Volume 1, Number 4

2 Letters from You

3 Girls Express

8 Talk It Out

Competition:
When it's fun,
when it's not

10 Molly Takes Flight

A story by
Valerie Tripp

19 Flyers

**20 Those Daring
Young Girls**

24 Celebrate Summer!

36 A Tiara for Tibb

A story by
Constance Greene

43 Who's That Girl?

45 The Giggle Gang


48 Help!

49 Imagine

Plus: Pull-Out

Pop-Out Paper Doll #5

Lindsey Kawamura

Find-Its! 

Find and answer
the questions
hidden throughout
the magazine.
(Answers to find-its
and other puzzlers
on page 47.)



Celebrate Summer!
Slurp, splash, giggle,
and go!

24



Introducing
The Giggle Gang by
mouse

45



American Girl™

Celebrating Girls, Yesterday and Today

July/August 1993



Pull-Out Pop-Out Paper Doll #5

Meet Lindsey Kawamura
and the extraordinary
women in her family.

Those Daring Young Girls

Thrills! Chills! Spills!
Girls on the high wire!

20



Erin J. Curran

On the Cover

Meet our cover girl,
Erin Curran, age 11.
When Erin babysits for
her nieces, the three of
them have tea parties
and play with dolls.
Her tip for being a
good babysitter? "Be
responsible and take
control if anything
happens."

Letters from You



Buzzing

I think you are doing an excellent job on your magazine, and I am a very persnickety person.

Meghan Lee Smith
Age 12, Knoxville, Tennessee



For the Birds

I was very surprised that in your all-animal issue you forgot about birds as pets! I have two beautiful parakeets that I trained myself. They follow me around the room, eat from my hand, and like to land on me. Birds are inexpensive, easy to care for, and fun to play with.

Kelsey Bo Libson
Age 9, Minneapolis, Minnesota



Oops!

I love this magazine so much that I used most of your ideas for a Peppermint Party. My friends and I played Peppermint Password.

I (oops!) had so much fun playing that game!

Rebecca Taylor
Age 10, Ferndale, Pennsylvania



Double Oops!

Just thought I'd send a note telling you how much I enjoyed the story *Hawkeye Hatty Rides Again*. I wanted to let you know the picture with the horse is incorrect. The horse's bridle in the picture is used only in English equitation.

Hilary Bauer
Age 11, Minatare, Nebraska

You're right. Hatty would have used Western riding tack.

Thanks, Bright Eyes!—A.G.



American Girl

A friendly magazine
My friends subscribe to it
Easy to write to
Readng people's poems is fun
Irresistible
Contests are cool
A tip is useful
Never boring
Giggly
Inspiring
Really neat articles
Loads of ideas.

Andree Allen
Age 11, Long Beach, California

American Girl



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Girls Express



Buzzword

American girls everywhere are using this buzzword this summer:

splendiferous

Say it "splen-DIF-er-us"

What it means: really wonderful

One way to use it: "It's a splendiferous day to run through the sprinkler."

This word is tucked somewhere into this issue of *American Girl*. Can you find it?



Step Up to the Mike

Once a week Maria Sansone, age 12, steps in front of the cameras at her local TV station and delivers a sports report called "Down to Size." The report is made up of interviews with local kid athletes—and, occasionally, with sports superstars like basketball player Michael Jordan. Maria's becoming so well known that she's been interviewed herself, on *Good Morning America* and *The Tonight Show*.

How good is Maria? After she interviewed Jordan earlier this year, he said, "You can tell she's got a future ahead of her. As long as she keeps everything in perspective, she's going to be successful."

The youngest sportscaster in America is Maria Sansone, of Erie, Pennsylvania.





Tear Jerkers

You've probably chewed Tear Jerkers, or some other super-tart candy bubble gum. But have you ever wondered just how Tear Jerkers jerk your tears?

Tiny organs in your mouth, called *glands*, send a message to your brain that there's something really, really strong-tasting sitting on your tongue. Your brain sends a message back, telling the glands to make a lot of saliva to help digest the thing and get it out of there—fast! But in the excitement, your brain may send the same message to some other places, too, including your nose and your eyes. If so, your nose will run and your eyes tear.



Candy

One, two, chocolate ooze,
Candy bars and chewy chews.
Three, four, give me more
Until it's flowing out the door.
Five, six, peppermint sticks,
Give 'em tons of licks and licks.
Seven, eight, so much I ate—
Now I do not feel so great!

Channa Dwell

Age 11, Goodland, Kansas

True Stories

Dear American Girl,

My name is Toba Adina. I am 12 and have brown eyes and black, black hair! I was born in Kabul, Afghanistan. When I was one year old, my father, my mother, my grandmother, and I left Afghanistan, because the Russians were coming to invade our country. That's when our journey through roughness and sadness began.

When we left we couldn't take a plane so we used a small canoe to cross a river. Then we walked for many, many hours. We also rode on camels. I was very young and small, and we didn't have very much food for any of us. I had to be given just water for a day to keep me quiet when I cried from hunger, for if we had been caught we would have been killed. After two days we arrived in Pakistan, where we lived for two years. I was three years old when we arrived in Alameda, California. From then on we have lived in Alameda.

Even now there is still war in Afghanistan. Hundreds are killed, even young children like us who have dreams or goals to reach in life. One thing I have learned in my life that is very important is that I am so lucky to be here, in a country full of freedom, liberty, and justice.

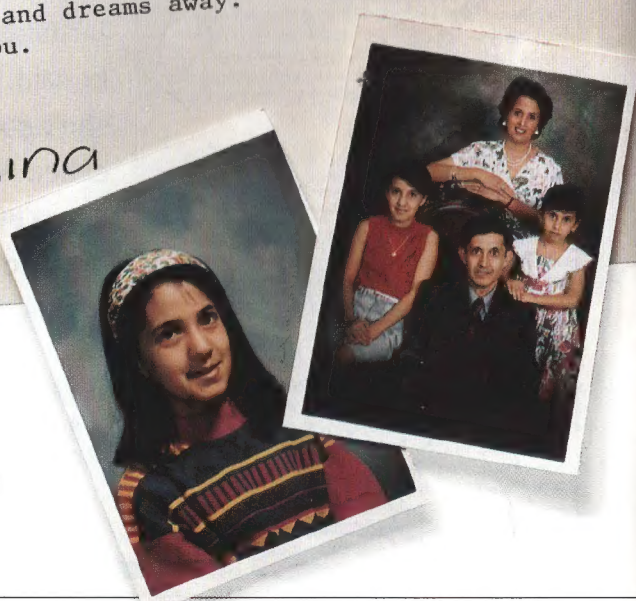
You and I have something the children in Afghanistan don't. The thing we have is hope, dreams, and goals that we can reach if we don't let go, because in America no one except you can take your goals and dreams away. No one except you.

Your friend,

Toba Adina

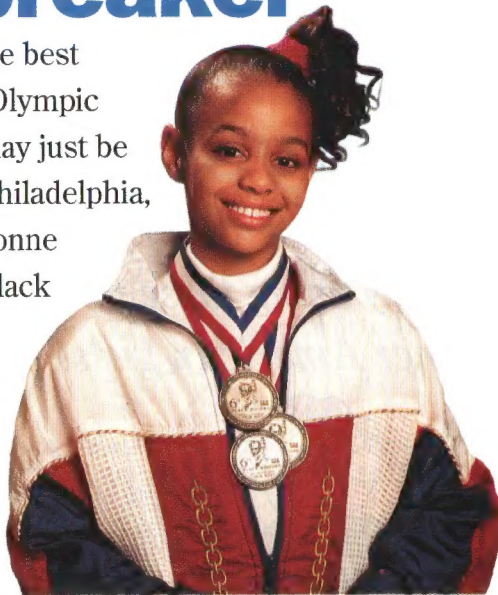
Toba Adina, 12, at right,
and with her parents and
little sister, Sadaf.

Send us *your* true story, and
you might find it in a future
issue of *American Girl!*



Record-breaker

The ten-year-old girl with the best chance of making the U.S. Olympic swimming team someday may just be Ebonne Hearn Ruffins, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Last year, Ebonne swam at the Sixth Annual Black History Invitational Swim Meet in Washington, D.C., and won two gold medals and one silver. She also set a new meet record by swimming the 25-yard freestyle in 15.44 seconds, beating the boys' record of 15.99!



Ebonne Ruffins: She could be going for gold.

Photo: Jay Texter

Ebonne started swimming when she was a baby. These days she trains about six hours a week, and competes in 15 swim meets a year.

Want a Pen Pal?

1 Write your name, age, and address on a card.

2 Then write your name and address on an envelope, and put a stamp on the envelope.

3 Mail the card and the envelope to American Girl.

4 We'll send you back the envelope that you addressed to yourself, along with a card from another girl. And we'll send your card to someone else.

All pen-pal requests must arrive at American Girl by August 20th. We'll try to match you with girls your age, but that's all we can promise!

A.G.'s

POLL



Your answers:

In the Premier Issue of *American Girl*, we tried to find out how far American girls would go to encourage people to eat right. The response? About as close to a tie as you can get!

49 percent of you said you would go along with a plan to take junk-food machines out of public places.

51 percent of you voted to leave junk-food machines right where they are!

Next Question:

Do you get an allowance?

☐ Yes ☐ No

How much do you get?

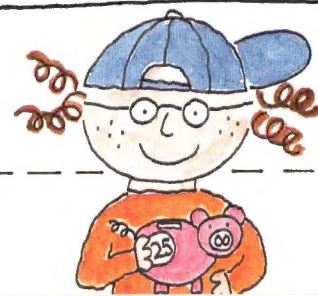
How often do you get it?

What chores do you do to earn it?

How do you spend your allowance?



Cut out your answers and mail them to us.





Write to Us!

Send your response to the A.G. Poll, along with your answers to other questions in Girls Express, to the address below. Be sure to include your name and age.

American Girl
GirlsExpress

8400 Fairway Place
Middleton, WI 53562

Important! We won't be able to write you back. We wish we could, but we'd never get the next issue of *American Girl* finished if we did! **Deadline:** All answers from this issue should be in by August 9th.



Help Wanted!

We want to include more tips from you in a future issue of *American Girl*. Use your own paper if you need more room.

Do You have brothers and Sisters?



Give us your tips for getting along together.



Special Moneymaker

Babysitting Tips

Make the most of your next babysitting job by using these tips from the experts: other American girls!



"Unless you're an expert babysitter, don't try to babysit twins!"

Laurie Heppler
Age 13, South Easton, Massachusetts

"A way to calm down kids is to make a Kid Kit. All you need is a cardboard box filled with your old coloring books, crayons, toys, or anything you think will amuse kids. Kids seem to like other people's toys more than their own."

Natalie Liberatore
Age 10, San Mateo, California



"If the kids have chores to get done, write down the jobs they have to complete on pieces of paper and tape them to their shirts. Take the papers off, one by one, as the jobs get done."

Brachel Sumner
Age 12, Canandaigua, New York

"When I babysit for my one-year-old brother, I never, ever wear pierced earrings. He pulls on them, and it feels like my ears are going to rip off."

Tina M. Kupsco
Age 9, Wheaton, Illinois



Cut out your answers and mail them to us.



"Keep a close watch on younger kids when they're eating chocolate on their parents' light-colored carpet."

Rebecca Broman

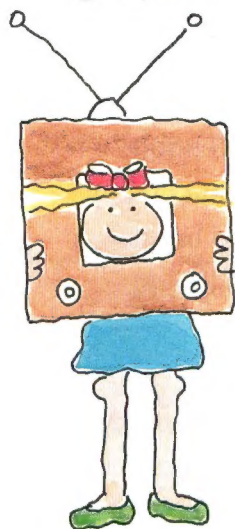
Age 13, Sugar Land, Texas



"If the kids you are babysitting are being too noisy, tell them you are going to play the Quiet Game. The first one to make any noise loses."

Bethany Daniels

Age 11, Orland Hills, Illinois



"When I babysit my brother he always whines that he wants to watch TV. So once I got a big cardboard box, cut a hole in the front of it, and stuck it on top of my head. He thought it was a television and went right to sleep!"

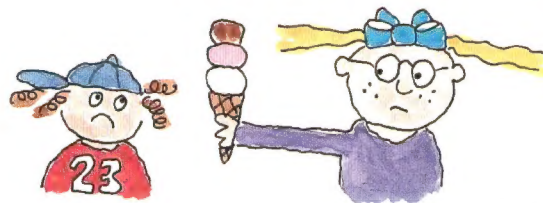
Eve Joyce Tomasso

Vineland, New Jersey

"If the kids you're babysitting are shy when you first arrive, ask to see their rooms. Kids love showing off their rooms."

Sally Anne Diebelman

Age 10, Thornton, Illinois



"It doesn't pay to be a pushover. Once the kids learn they can get anything by making a sad face, you'll be in trouble!"

Jocelyn Dawson

Age 13, Midlothian, Virginia



"If you're babysitting a girl who never picks up after herself, tell her the story of Cinderella and how she cleaned and became a princess. Tell her to be Cinderella and you can be the stepmother. This trick will only work once. Good luck!"

Julia Azeff

Age 11, Lansdale, Pennsylvania

Babies' eyes are brown or blue,
They make funny faces when they chew,
But they are the cutest when they sleep,
So why don't you go in and take a peek.

C. Elizabeth Farrar

Age 10, Summerville, Georgia



1. Where should you look when you're walking a tightrope?

Winning & Losing

This month *American Girl* went to Oregon to ask some fourth-grade girls how they feel about **competition**.

These girls go to Boise-Eliot Elementary School, in Portland, Oregon.



Erin I think competition is fun because it's a kind of mystery—not knowing if you're going to lose or win. And I think it's exciting finding out the answer to that, even if you lose.



Cassie If you compete, you need to know that you can lose and you can win. If you tried your best, you should feel good about yourself even if you lost. You did your best. You did what you could do.



Lynn I was in a piano contest. Everybody else got “excellent” and I got “very good.” But I didn’t feel that hurt because I knew I tried my best.



Erin One time, my brother and I were both on a swim team. He won the relay races and I didn’t, so he came up and started making me jealous. I didn’t want to go swimming again.



Katie When competition isn’t fun is when you lose and people put you down, and then you feel bad because you tried your best and you think you should have won but you didn’t.



Sonia I was in a gymnastics competition. Two of the judges said my cartwheels were the best. But some other judges weren’t paying attention because they were talking, so they didn’t really see me. I got second. I felt kind of bad because a lot of judges thought I was doing really well.



Shawndra Sometimes you have to lose, that’s all. You’ve got to try it again.



Alicia I was on a tumbling team. When someone lost, our team still said “You won!” because of the good things that person did for the team.



Erin When I lose, sometimes I say, "So! I don't care!" But my brother says, "You're mad because you lost!" And really deep down I *do* care.



Cassie Sometimes you know someone's better than you at something, and you just don't want to face it.



Sonua My brother is a really good basketball player. The other day I was playing basketball with him, and I got two points ahead. Then he said he wasn't doing his best. I felt kind of bad that he was trying to let me win.



Katie If something like that happened to me, I would find someone who could do things at my level. I'd work with them, and then I'd go back to the older person and play them as a challenge.



Cassie If someone says, "I'm going to win and you're going to lose," and then they lose, you feel kind of good, because they learned their lesson.



Natty But if you compete against a friend and win, you can go over to her and say, "Would you like to share the prize with me? Even though you didn't win, you still accomplished something."

Four Tips for Keeping Competition Fun

1

If competing makes you nervous:

Whether you're in a soccer game or a spelling bee, it's natural to get nervous before you compete. Sometimes breathing deeply or taking a brisk walk can help you relax and get your mind off your nervousness. And remember: Everyone makes mistakes. But as long as you do your best and play by the rules, you'll be fine.

2

If it seems like you always win:

The best way to get better at something is to compete against someone who's better than you are. So don't pat yourself on the back because you feel like you're unbeatable. Go out and find someone who can challenge you and help you sharpen your skills!

3

If you lost and you feel awful:

Competition isn't about who you are—it's about what you do. Losing doesn't make you a loser, and it doesn't mean you'll always lose. Keep doing your best. Find people who can help you get better. Listen carefully. Practice hard. And be willing to try again. Even if you don't win next time either, you'll feel good about yourself because you didn't give up.

4

If you won and you're on top of the world:

That's wonderful! You're a champ! Now be sure to act like one. Don't brag. Instead, say something nice to the other girls who competed. Your kindness may be remembered even longer than your victory!



2. what day of the week do Americans eat the most ice cream?

1 9 4 4

MOLLY TAKES FLIGHT

*By Valerie Tripp
Illustrated by Nick Backes*

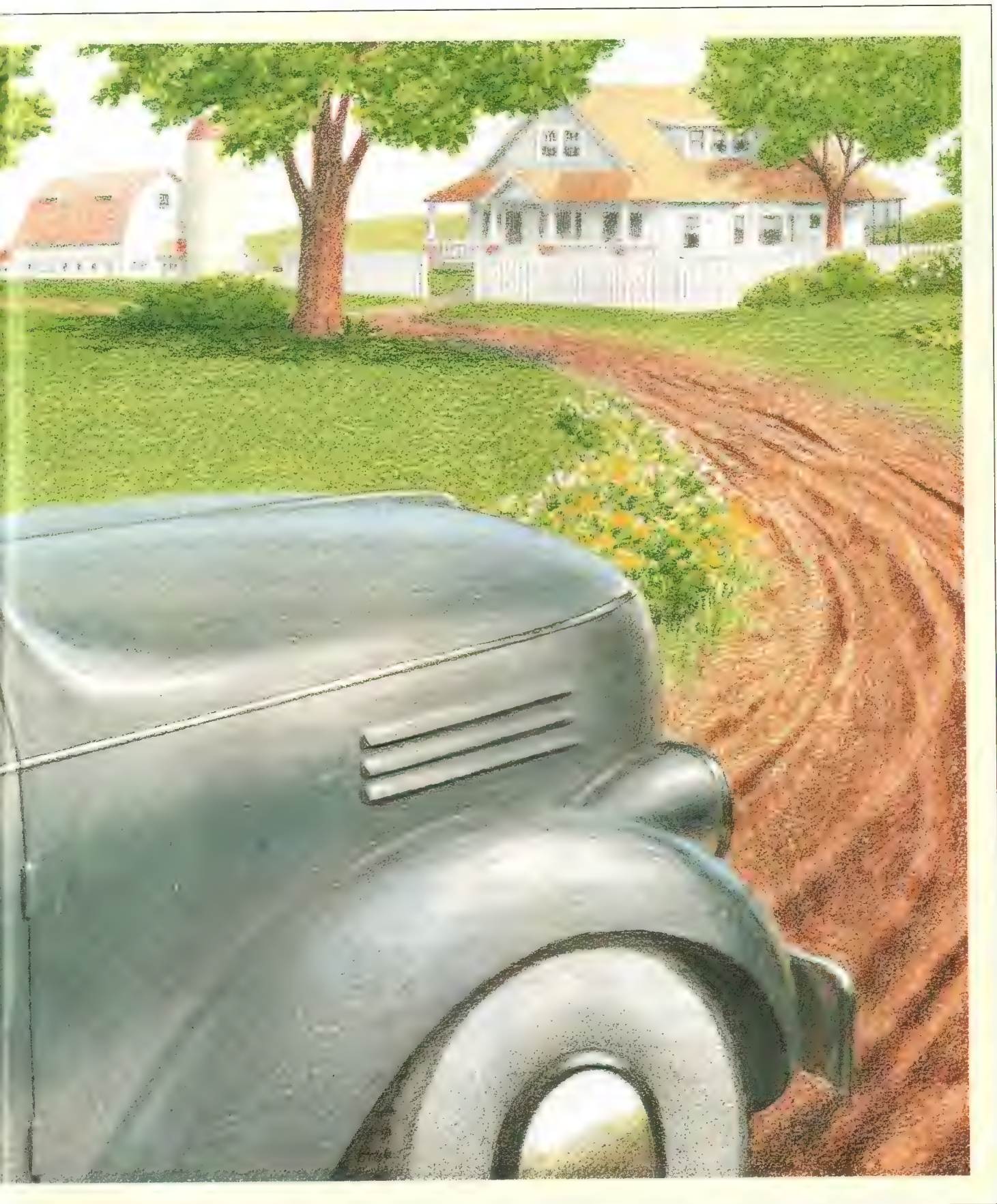
*Nothing was the way it used to be
in Molly's life. Not even the farm.*

Here it is!" cried Molly McIntire. "Here's the farm!" Molly stuck her head out the truck window as Granpa turned in at the gate. "Hold on!" Granpa shouted over the truck's noisy engine. "The ruts in this drive are worse than ever. Your grandmother's after me to smooth them. But I figure the ruts keep trouble out."

Molly smiled as the truck bounced along. Granpa said the same thing about the ruts every summer.

It was August, and Molly had come to visit her grandparents and her Aunt Eleanor on





their farm. Every summer before this, Molly's whole family had made the trip together. But this summer, Molly was by herself.

Molly was surprised. "But we always go swimming on the first day of my visit," she protested.

Coming to the farm alone was only one of many changes in Molly's life since the war began. First, Dad joined the army and went to England to take care of wounded soldiers. Then Mom started to work for the Red Cross. Molly's sister Jill was a volunteer at the Veterans' Hospital this summer. Her older brother Ricky was never home because he had a job mowing lawns, and her younger brother Brad was going to day camp.

Molly felt as if change had whooshed through her life and set everything spinning. So she was reassured to see, as the truck rattled past the fields and the barn and the swimming hole, that here at the farm everything looked the same. Granpa didn't grow crops anymore, but he still had chickens, an old horse, a few cows, and a big vegetable garden. Molly loved the way the farm seemed to have fallen asleep long ago. It was peaceful and unchanging.

Granpa stopped the truck in front of the farmhouse. Molly jumped out and ran straight into the kitchen and straight into Grammy's arms for a hug. "Hello, Grammy!" she said.

"Hello, dear girl," said Grammy. "We're glad you're here."

Molly took a deep breath. Dad always said

that you could blindfold him and fly him around the world but he'd know the instant he was back in Grammy's kitchen because of the smell. It was a delicious combination of strawberries, buttered toast, maple syrup, and scrubbing powder. Molly wished Dad were with her now in the familiar kitchen. The sun shone through the windows onto the white enamel table and made patterns of light on the shiny floor. When Molly was little, she thought Grammy's cookie jar was magic because it was never empty. It was comforting to see it sitting in its usual place on the shelf.

"Where's Aunt Eleanor?" Molly asked.

"Oh, Eleanor's off and away," said Grammy.

"As usual," muttered Granpa. Grammy frowned and shook her head at him.

Molly was disappointed. What did Granpa mean? It was *not* usual for Aunt Eleanor to be gone. Every other year she had been there to welcome Molly to the farm.

Granpa pushed open the screen door and said, "Come on, Molly. Want to help me choose a melon for supper?"

"Yessir!" said Molly. She followed Granpa out into the warm summer evening.

By the time Molly and Granpa got back from the melon patch, Aunt Eleanor was in the kitchen, setting the table for supper. Aunt Eleanor was Molly's mother's sister. She had short, curly hair and wasn't much taller than Molly. Aunt Eleanor moved in such a quick, light manner that she

reminded Molly of a bird. Just now she swooped over, gave Molly a hug, and asked as she always did, "What's up, Doc?"

Molly replied as *she* always did, "Not much, Dutch!"

"Wash up, girls," said Grammy. "Supper's ready."

Molly was eating her second piece of melon when she said, "Aunt Eleanor, I bet I'll swing higher than you on the rope swing at the swimming hole tomorrow."

Aunt Eleanor cleared her throat. "I'm afraid I can't swim with you tomorrow, Molly," she said.

Molly was surprised. "But we always go swimming on the first day of my visit," she protested. "We do the same thing every year."

"Eleanor, are you going to tell Molly that this year isn't going to be the same as every other year?" said Granpa. He sounded as if he was cross with Aunt Eleanor.

"Now, Frank!" said Grammy quickly. She looked at Molly and Aunt Eleanor. "Why don't you girls go outside and count shooting stars? Your chart is in the barn."

"O.K.," said Molly. "Come on, Aunt Eleanor."

It was a tradition that Molly and Aunt Eleanor went outside to stargaze every night after supper and kept a count of all the shooting stars they spotted. Tonight they found the star chart and flopped down on a stack of hay. It was still warm from the sun, though the sky was dark now and crowded with stars.

Molly scanned the sky to be sure the North Star was just where it was supposed to be, at the end of a group of stars called the Little Dipper. She smiled when she saw it. The



North Star had become very important to Molly. She turned to Aunt Eleanor to tell her about it. "Before he left, Dad told me to look for the North Star every night," she said, "because—"

Aunt Eleanor interrupted. "You miss your dad a lot, don't you, Molly?" she asked. Her voice was very sad.

"I sure do," said Molly. "That's why —" But Aunt Eleanor sighed so deeply that Molly stopped explaining to ask, "Aunt Eleanor, what's going on? Is Granpa mad at you?"

"Seems like it," said Aunt Eleanor.

"Why?" asked Molly.

"Well," said Aunt Eleanor, "I think because I've applied to join the WASPs—they're the Women's Airforce Service Pilots."

Molly sat up and looked at Aunt Eleanor. "You're going to be a pilot in the Air Force?" she exclaimed. "You're going to fly fighter planes and drop bombs and be in the war?"

"No," said Aunt Eleanor. "WASPs don't fly combat missions. They test planes, and train other pilots, and fly planes from one airfield to another. They help the Air Force do its job."

"But will you have to go away?" Molly wanted to know.

"Yes," said Aunt Eleanor. "If I'm accepted, I'll have to leave immediately."

Molly felt as if the earth beneath her were falling away. *This dumb old war*, she thought. *It's changing everything. First Dad left, and now Aunt Eleanor.*

This summer's visit to the farm is no good, Molly thought, and it's all Aunt Eleanor's fault.

"What do Grammy and Granpa say?" Molly asked.

Aunt Eleanor shook her head. "Nothing," she said. "Your granpa hates changes. He says he doesn't fix the ruts because they keep trouble out. But what he really means is that the ruts keep *change* out. He likes being cut off from the world. He wants to pretend there is no war. That's why he won't talk to me about flying." She was quiet for a minute. Then she asked, "What do *you* think, Molly?"

"I don't know," said Molly quickly. But that wasn't true. She knew exactly what she thought. She hated the idea of Aunt Eleanor going away. She hated it so much it made her angry—angry at the war, angry at the world, and even a little bit angry at Aunt Eleanor.

Aunt Eleanor stood and dusted off her

pants. "Come on," she said. "I guess all the stars are staying put tonight. Let's go in."

The next few days were long and hot and dull for Molly. Aunt Eleanor went off every morning before Molly was awake and didn't come home until suppertime. Molly did all the things she usually loved doing on the farm. She collected eggs, visited the cows, picked vegetables for Grammy, climbed up to the hayloft, waded in the brook, swung on the rope swing over the swimming hole, and one day even helped Granpa make ice cream. But nothing was as much fun without Jill and Ricky and Brad—and especially without Aunt Eleanor.

One night, Aunt Eleanor still had not come home even when Molly went to bed. The night was so hot and sticky Molly couldn't get to sleep. She stared out the open window for a while, looking at the North Star, thinking about Dad and hoping for a breeze, but the air was heavy and still. Nothing came through the window but the raspy noise of the crickets.

Molly kicked off the sheets and brushed her sweaty bangs off her forehead. *This summer's visit to the farm is no good*, Molly thought, *and it's all Aunt Eleanor's fault.*

Just then, Aunt Eleanor tiptoed into Molly's room. "Are you awake?" she whispered.

"Sort of," said Molly. She rolled onto her side and punched her pillow to make it fluff up. "Where have you been?"

"At the airfield," said Aunt Eleanor. "I want to practice flying as many hours as I can."

Molly flopped onto her back. "It seems like you've practiced about a million hours since I've been here," she said. "By the way, I saw two shooting stars tonight. You missed them."

Aunt Eleanor sat down on Molly's bed. "Molly," she said. "I'm sorry—"

"No you are not!" said Molly. "You don't care about Grammy or Granpa or me or the farm. All you care about is flying. You don't have to leave the farm and go away and be a WASP. You *want* to. You're going to leave just like Dad did, and I'll never see you, and I'll have to worry all the time that you're hurt or lost or—" Molly stopped.

Aunt Eleanor looked as if she might cry. She tried to hug Molly, but Molly jerked her shoulder away.

Aunt Eleanor didn't move. Then she whispered, "Good night, Molly," and left.

The next morning there were still a few stars shining when Aunt Eleanor shook Molly awake. "Get dressed," said Aunt Eleanor. "I have a surprise for you."

Molly dressed and stumbled down to the kitchen. Aunt Eleanor handed her a piece of toast and led her out the door to her car.

"Where are we going?" asked Molly.

"You'll see," said Aunt Eleanor.

Soon enough, Molly did see. They were going to the airfield. The big silver hangars looked eerie in the dim morning light, and the





small planes parked in front of them looked as delicate as dragonflies.

Aunt Eleanor parked the car. Molly followed her across the pavement to one of the small planes. "This is the plane I fly," said Aunt Eleanor. "It's a PT-19." She patted the nose of the plane as if it were a horse she liked. Then she handed Molly a helmet. "Put it on," she said. "We're going up."

"Me?" squeaked Molly.

Aunt Eleanor winked as she helped Molly climb into the plane. "Don't worry," she said. "You know I've practiced flying a lot. How much was it? I think you said about a million hours already."

Molly fastened her seat belt and looked out the small windshield of the plane. The sky was brightening to blue now, and all the stars were

gone. Aunt Eleanor spoke to a man over the radio. In a scratchy voice he gave her permission to take off.

The plane was noisier than Granpa's truck, and the runway seemed just as bumpy as the rutted drive into the farm. Molly gripped the edge of her seat as the little plane picked up speed. Faster, faster, faster it went until, smooth as a bird on a breeze, it lifted off the ground and climbed into the huge blue sky.

Molly smiled. She was flying! It was exhilarating—just like when she let go of the tire swing far out over the water, and for a moment or two she was not on land or on the tire or in the water but zooming through the air. She understood now why Aunt Eleanor loved flying.

As they flew along, Molly looked out the side window at the fields below. They looked

green and tidy and well cared for. The blue river wound like a lazy snake past silver silos and red barns and farmhouses white as chalk.

"I never saw the world this way before," Molly shouted to Aunt Eleanor over the engine's roar. "I never realized how pretty it is."

Aunt Eleanor smiled. "Look at this," she said. She made the plane tilt to one side and then swoop low. "Here's the place I love the best—our farm. It's the prettiest spot of all, isn't it?"

Molly looked down and saw Grammy and Granpa's house and barn, the vegetable garden and the melon patch, the swimming hole and the rutted drive. "Yup," she said, "it's the prettiest spot of all."

Aunt Eleanor steered the plane in a wide, slow curve and headed it back to the airfield. All too soon, the plane landed with a bump and then skidded to a stop in front of the hangar.

"What were you thinking of, taking the child up in that contraption?" exclaimed Granpa.

As Molly climbed out of the plane, Aunt Eleanor asked, "Did you like flying?"

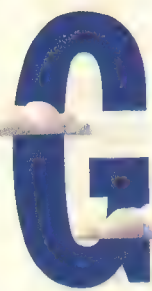
"I *loved* it," said Molly.

"I knew you would," said Aunt Eleanor happily. "Come on. I'd better drive you home."

In the car Molly said, "Aunt Eleanor, I'm sorry I said all those things last night. I was angry. But I understand things better now. I can see why you love flying. And I can see that you still love the farm."

"The farm is my home," said Aunt Eleanor. "It's the place I'll always come back to." She patted Molly's leg. "And you know, all those things you said last night helped me understand better how Grammy and Granpa must feel. I'm flying off, and they're left behind with nothing else at all to do but worry."

Just then they turned into the rutted drive and hit a hole so big Molly was nearly jounced off her seat. "Well," said Molly with a grin. "Not exactly nothing else at all to do."



rammy and Granpa were on the porch waiting for them. "Where on earth have you been?"

Grammar asked.

"No place on earth," answered Molly. "We were flying! Aunt Eleanor took me up in her plane."

"Eleanor!" exclaimed Granpa. "What were you thinking of, taking the child up in that contraption?"

"Oh, it was wonderful, Granpa!" said Molly. "Aunt Eleanor flew us right over the farm. You should see it from up there. It looks so small and perfect. The farm is Aunt Eleanor's North Star."

"Her what?" asked Granpa, surprised. He and Grammy and Aunt Eleanor looked at Molly with interest.

"The farm is Aunt Eleanor's North Star," Molly said eagerly. "You see, when Dad was about to leave for the war, I was really sad. One night we went outside, and Dad pointed out the North Star. He said in olden times sailors used the North Star to guide them

because they could always find it. They could trust it to be shining brightly at the end of the Little Dipper."

"How's that like the farm?" asked Granpa.

Molly went on. "Dad said we all need a North Star, something we can find even when we're lost, something we can depend on to be the same no matter where we wander. He said that Mom and Jill and Ricky and Brad and I had to be *his* North Star when he went off to the war. Even if he couldn't see us, he'd know we were in place. He'd picture us at home and know we were waiting for him, so he'd never feel lost."

Aunt Eleanor put her arm around Molly's shoulders and gave a little squeeze. "You're right, Molly," she said. "That *is* how I feel about the farm." She looked at Grammy and Granpa and asked gently, "Will you be my North Star when I go away?"

Grammy's eyes were full of tears as she looked at Aunt Eleanor. Granpa's voice was sad when he said, "Your mother and I don't want you to go, Eleanor. But we can see you are bound and determined."

"Dad—" Aunt Eleanor began.

Granpa continued. "You do what you feel you have to do," he said. "Your mother and I will be proud to stay here and be your North Star if that will help you come back home to us safe and sound after the war."

Aunt Eleanor hugged him. "Thanks, Dad," she said. She hugged Grammy, too. "I'll be thinking of you two and the farm no matter where I go." Then she turned to Molly and said, "I sure am glad you took that ride with me in the airplane today."



Granpa grinned. "Speaking of rides," he said, "I'm thinking maybe the time has come to smooth those ruts out of the driveway. I'm going to have to drive to town to get a load of gravel. Anybody want to go for one last bumpy ride with me?"

Molly, Aunt Eleanor, and Grammy laughed out loud. "I do, Granpa," Molly said. And they climbed into the noisy old truck together.

Meet the Author

Valerie Tripp



My father liked to sail. He taught me about the stars, just as Molly's dad taught her. He told me that sailors in the olden days used the North Star to guide them when they sailed at night. I was always glad we sailed in the daytime, though, so we could see where we were going!

FLYERS



Some were teachers. Some were secretaries. Many were mothers. But all of these women shared two things with Molly's Aunt Eleanor—a love of flying and a wish to help their country during wartime.

They were called the WASPs, the Women's Airforce Service Pilots.

During World War Two, almost a thousand American women joined the WASPs. WASP



WASP flyers wore "Fifiella" patches like these on their jackets. Walt Disney designed the fairy Fifiella to be the WASPs' mascot and good-luck charm. She was supposed to protect the flyers from danger.

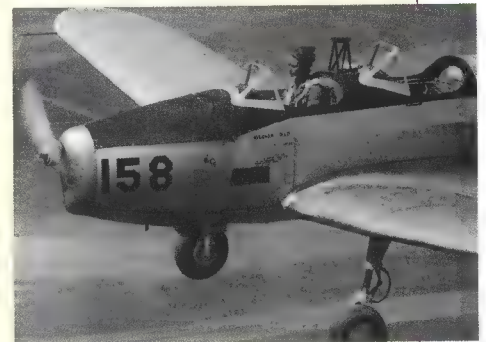
pilots didn't fly in foreign countries and weren't allowed to fly in battle. Instead, they flew people and equipment to and from airfields across America.

The women did take risks, though. WASP flyers towed targets behind their planes to help male pilots practice their shooting. The men used real guns, and accidents

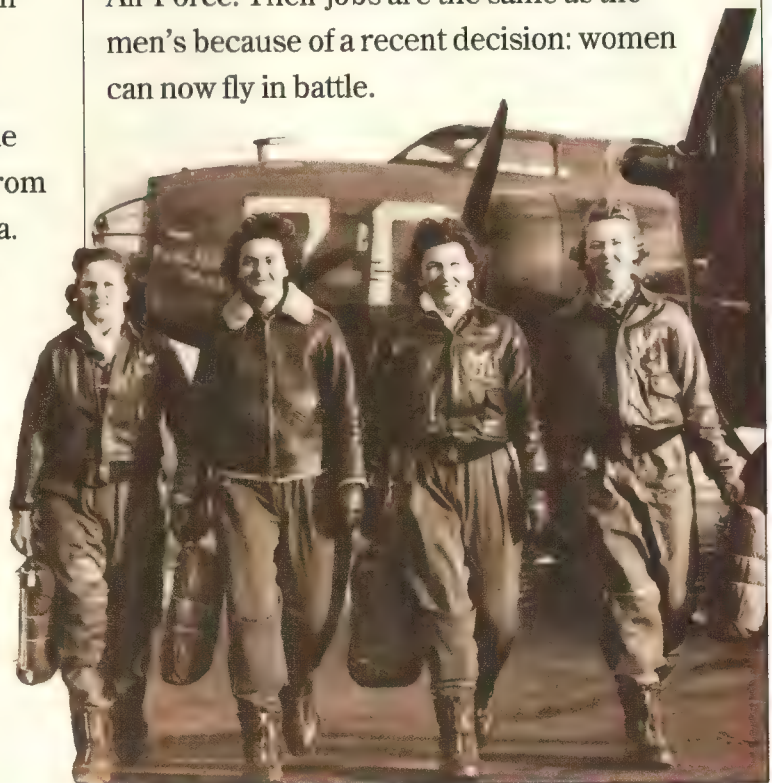
did happen. Also, some planes the women pilots tested crashed. In all, 38 WASP flyers died while serving their country.

The Air Force ended the WASP program in 1944, toward the end of the war. For many years, these women pilots were forgotten.

It wasn't until 1979 that the WASP flyers were given the same honors that male pilots had received many years before.



Women today enjoy careers as pilots in the Air Force. Their jobs are the same as the men's because of a recent decision: women can now fly in battle.



THOSE DARING YOUNG GIRLS



Three glittering circus stars.

They bounce on the backs of galloping horses. They swing on trapezes high in the air. And they love to clown around with a crowd.

Meet the girls of Peru, Indiana, a small town with a big tradition of circus fun. Most of the year, girls in Peru spend their time like other girls, going to school and having fun with their friends. But when summer comes they're among the 200 kids who tumble, twirl, and hang from their toes, performing tough tricks in what may be the best children's circus in the world.

"Circus is the best part of summer," says Lyndi Cook, a ten-year-old tumbler who fell in love with the circus nearly four years ago. "It's not better than Christmas, but it's close!"

The first thing Roslyn Hall, 9, and Jaclyn Cole, 9, learned in side-by-side trapeze was how to get a good grip on the ropes by using their thumbs.

Photos: William Horn Calligraphy: Jim Lebbad



MORE THAN 20,000 PEOPLE COME EVE



RY SUMMER TO SEE THIS KIDS' CIRCUS.



Melanie Hannah, 9, shows off her circus styling. The girl with the most flair wins a special Smile and Style award.

People in Peru call their town Circus City, with good reason. A hundred years ago, a group of traveling circus performers picked Peru as their winter home. One year a few of them taught local high-school students some circus tricks. Then a couple of younger kids learned the tricks, and shazzam! The Peru Amateur Circus was born.

For many girls in Peru, learning circus tricks is now as much a part of growing up as playing with dolls or riding bikes. They start when they're around seven, by deciding which act they like best. Do they want to walk the high wire? Fly through the air on the trapeze? Do stunts on horseback?

Danielle Ewer, 10, in one of the 400 sparkling costumes from the circus wardrobe room.



AFTER WEEKS OF WORK, LOTS OF SPILL

T

ryouts begin in March. During tryouts, a girl can sign up to learn as many acts as she wants. In trapeze class, she learns how to balance on a metal swing. In tightrope class, she walks on a rope just inches above the ground, looking straight ahead—not at her feet. In clown class, she finds out how to make people laugh using the expression on her face and the way she moves. As the weeks pass, the stunts get harder. By May, circus trainers have picked the top kids in each class to perform in the show.

The acts in the Peru circus look daring—and they are! The most important thing a girl learns is how to perform her stunts safely. Most girls wear a safety harness during practice. For the show itself, there are mats and nets to catch anyone who falls.

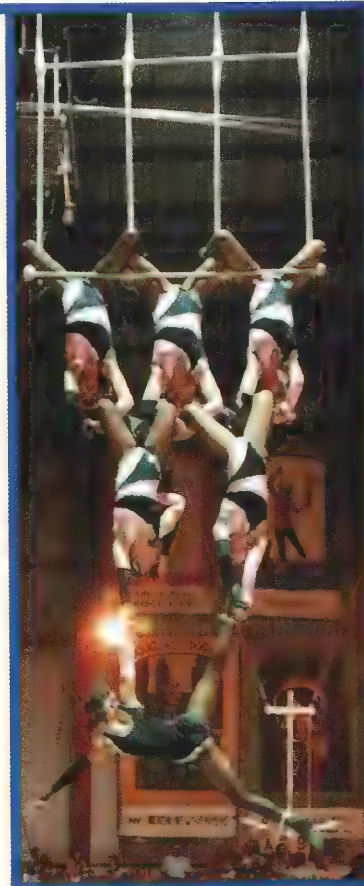
It can still be scary. Last year, Melissa Marburger was the smallest girl in her acrobatic act, so she got to be on the bottom of a dangling human pyramid. “When I first practiced, I was scared that someone would drop me and I’d fall on my head,” Melissa says.

Katie Cohee, 12, is in the high-wire act. She’s stood on the shoulders of a bicyclist as he pedaled on a wire 22 feet in the air! Katie’s fallen hundreds of times. “When you start to lean and sway and your feet slip, you know you’re going down,” she says. Katie tries to catch the wire with her hands as she falls, but it’s O.K. if she misses. Landing in the net is fun!

Girls like Katie and Melissa also practice their *styling*. That’s circus talk for the pose performers do when they’ve finished a trick—arms in the air, one toe pointed, and a great big smile!



Melissa Marburger, 10, and Jenny Weaver, 11, get ready for the center ring.



Girls in the more difficult and dangerous acts spend up to six hours a day practicing.

S, & LOADS OF LAUGHS, IT'S SHOWTIME!

Celebration

If you think it's **hot**
and there's nothing to do,
well, think again. It's just not true!



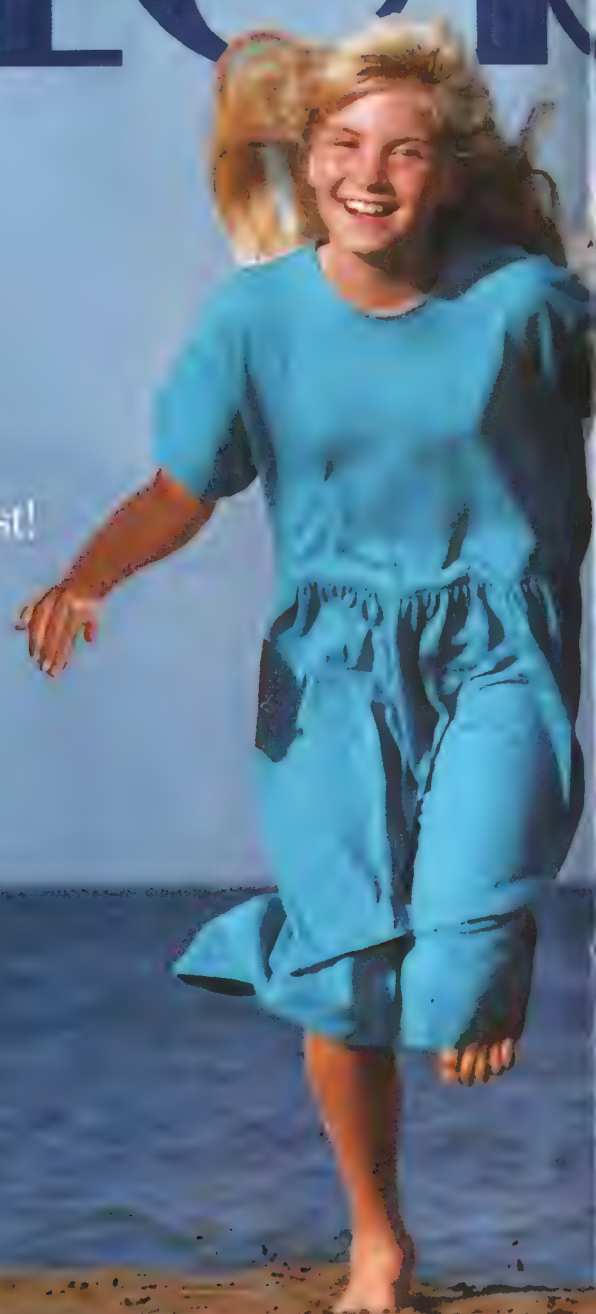
Credit on page 2

1900s

Turn the page and have a blast!
Fill your days with fun
from the past.

Share summer ideas that are really **cool**,
for the beach, backyard,
or swimming pool.

From dawn till dusk,
when the day is done,
open your arms and **hug the sun!**



orate!





Splash



Dibble Dabble

This has been a favorite pool game for at least 50 years. In pool talk, “Dibble Dabble” means “I found it!”

Choose someone to be **It**. While the other girls close their eyes, **It** hides a penny in the pool. Then **It** tries to confuse the other players by splashing about in different places .

After **It** has hidden the penny, she yells out, “Ready!” The other players open their eyes and swim around, trying to find it. The girl who finds the penny yells out, “Dibble Dabble!” She becomes **It**, and the game starts over again!

Clammy Clothes Relay

Invite some friends over. Tell them to wear their bathing suits. Make two outfits out of old clothes. You'll need two of everything: two shirts, two pairs of pants, two hats, two pairs of socks. Soak everything in two buckets filled with water.

Divide the group into two teams, each with the same number of girls. Give each team a bucket of water with an outfit soaking in it.

At the word "Go!" the first girl on each team puts on all the wet clothes as fast as she can. Then she runs to a certain point in the yard, such

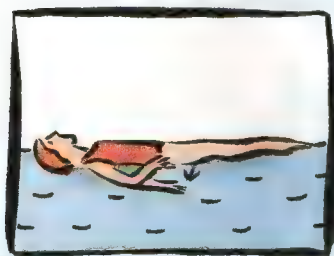
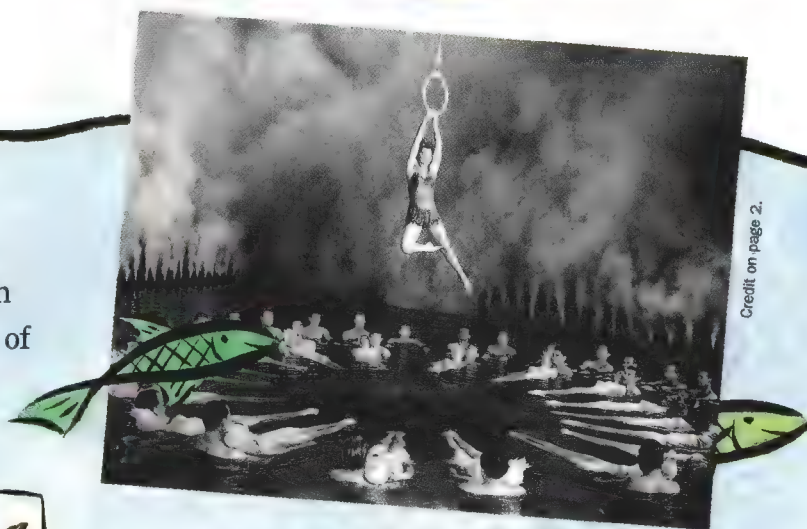
as a tree, and runs back to her waiting teammates. She takes the clothes off as fast as she can, dumps them into the bucket, and tags the next girl. The next girl pulls the clothes from the bucket, puts them on, runs to the tree, and so on.

The first team to get the clothes on and off and back into the bucket wins!

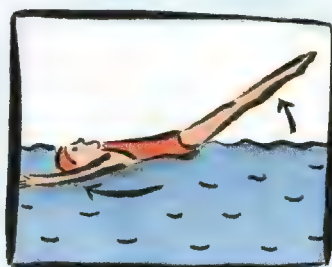


Sink Like an Oyster

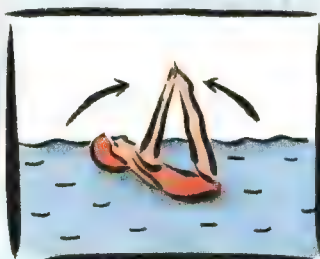
Your grandmother probably watched film star Esther Williams dive and glide her way through many water-ballet movies. Now you can do one of Esther's tricks called the Oyster.



1 Float on your back and point your toes. To hold your body at the surface of the water, you need to *scull*. Sculling is moving your hands back and forth at your sides, as if you were smoothing sand on a beach. You can also think of sculling as making figure eights with your hands.



2 Turn the palms of your hands toward your body. Drop your hands down toward the bottom of the pool. When your arms are about six inches behind your back, start to bring them over your head in a circular motion. This is called a *sweep*.



3 As you start the sweep, bend at your hips and lift your feet. Keep your legs straight and together. Let your hips sink down and bend more while you continue to lift your legs and chest.



4 Your hands will touch your ankles as they finish their sweep over your head. Keep your hands and ankles together until your whole body sinks under the water!

Show Your Stuff! Get together with a group of your friends and plan a clothesline art fair. Hang your paintings on a line

Make



Pretty Picture Frame

You'll need:

- Wooden picture frame, or a cardboard frame you made yourself
- Buttons, yarn, shells, or tiny pinecones to use for decorations
- Glue

Use your glue and your imagination to create fun photo frames! Decorate the frames by gluing buttons, yarn, seashells, or tiny pinecones on them. Put your picture inside and surprise someone with your summer smile!

Painted Paperweight

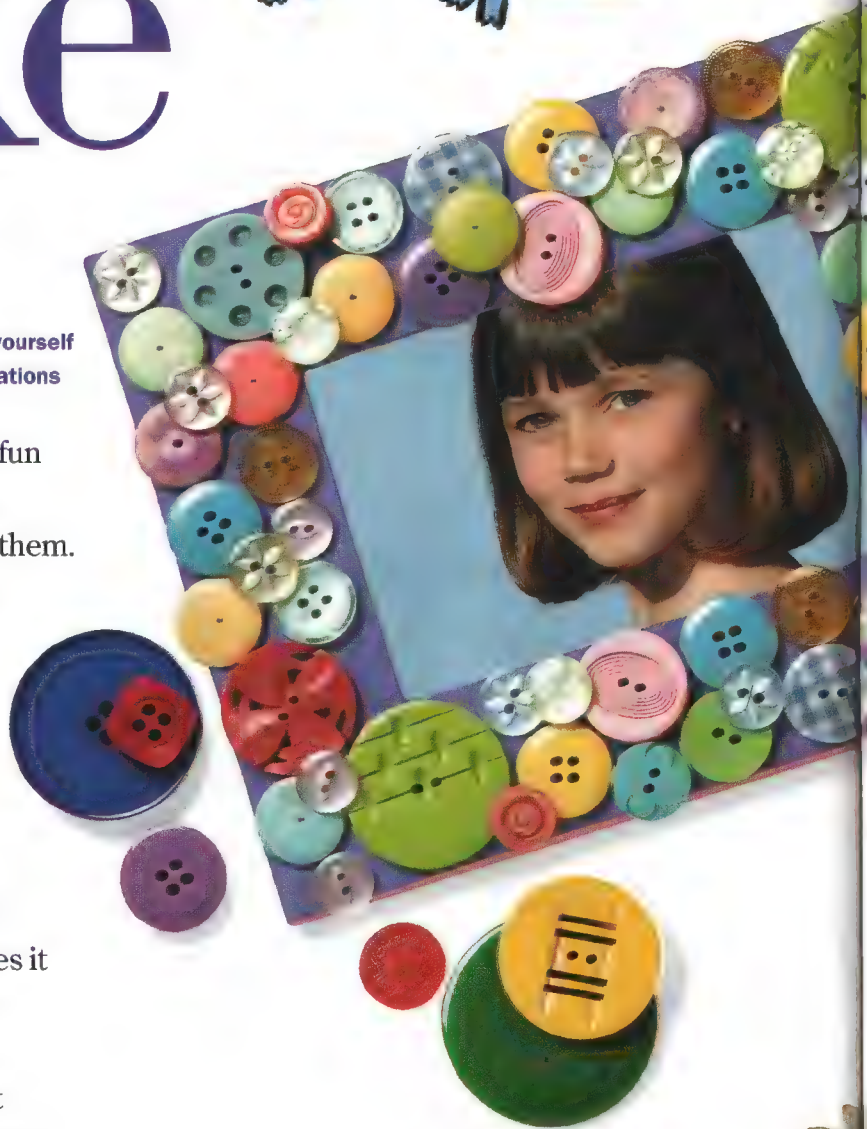
You'll need:

- Smooth stones with interesting shapes and colors
- Poster paints
- Paintbrush
- Liquid white glue that washes out with soap and water

Choose a stone and look at it closely. What does it make you think of, a ladybug or a lollipop? Or maybe a fish!

Wash and dry the stone. Decide on the best design for the stone, and paint it on. Don't put the paint on too thick! Let it dry for at least four hours.

To seal the paint, brush a coating of liquid white glue on the stone. Be careful not to smudge your design. Let your beautiful new paperweight dry for about an hour.



with clothespins. Show your crafts on folding tables. Invite your families and neighbors for a special art-fair opening! Award some prizes!



Flower Crowns

You'll need:

- Long-stemmed flowers like daisies or pretty weeds like dandelions
- Scissors
- Table knife
- Paper clip



1 Snip the flowers until their stems are about three or four inches long.

2 Make a slit through the middle of each stem. To do this, lay the flower on a flat surface. Carefully push the tip of the table knife through the middle of the stem.

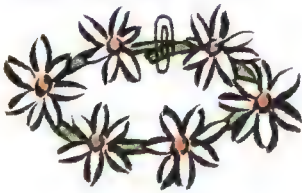


3 Pass one flower stem through the slit of another. Be sure to pull the second stem all the way through the first.



4 Keep connecting each stem until you have a chain of flowers long enough to go around your head.

5 To make the chain into a crown, use the paper clip to attach the last stem to the stem of the first flower.



Giggle

- Perfect your yo-yo skills.
- Plan family menus for a week.
- Paint your nails with glitter polish.
- Sort your toys. Give away the ones you've outgrown.
- Learn an old dance like the Swim.
- Make a hair bow.
- Take a walk in the rain.
- Write a poem about rainbows.
- Put photos in an album.
- Do a special favor for Mom.
- Invent a new outfit with rain in them. Hum them.
- Make paper dolls.
- Make a list of songs with rain in them. Hum them.
- Clean the inside of the car.
- Learn a secret code with a friend. Write notes in code.
- Plan a treasure hunt. Write the clues.
- Rent your favorite video.
- Make a little book using pictures and words cut out of magazines.
- Write the story of your life.
- Clean your drawers and straighten your desk.
- String a macaroni necklace.
- Bake brownies.
- Make some popcorn.
- Do a jigsaw puzzle.
- Play bingo!
- Braid all your dolls' hair.

30 Things
To do on a rainy day



Stuck in the backseat?
Here are some ideas to keep you busy
until you get to where you're going!

Go!



Summer Sing-Along

Ask your parents if they know any old cowboy songs, like "Red River Valley," "Down in the Valley," "Sweet Betsy from Pike," or "My Darling Clementine." Sing at the top of your lungs with the car windows down!

O, my darling Clementine!



Play the Alphabet Game

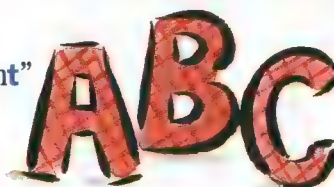
Pick a subject, like U.S. cities and states or animals. Each player takes a turn naming something from that category that begins with the last letter of the thing named by the player before. If the topic is animals, the game might go like this:

Player One: "horse"

Player Two: "elephant"

Player Three: "tiger"

Player One: "rat"



If you repeat something that's already been said, you're out. The last person left is the winner, and the game begins again.

Be a Family Historian

Start great car conversations by asking your mom and dad what they did during the summer when they were kids.

What games did they play? What did they do on rainy days? Did they go away to camp? Ride bikes? Go fishing? Know how to swim? Get in trouble?



Traveling across the U.S. took:



1990
6 hours



1950
8 to 10 days



1930
5 weeks



1920
3 weeks



1880
6 months

Travel Time

A hundred years ago, traveling across the United States took nearly six months. Today it takes only six hours. The next time you're tempted to ask, "Aren't we there yet?" just think about traveling in a covered wagon!



Credit on page 2.

Sip



Pink Lemonade

Make lemonade the way girls have made it for hundreds of years. Then turn it pink!

You'll need:

- 1 lemon
- 5 teaspoons of sugar
- a juicer
- red food coloring
- 1½ cups cold water

Using the juicer, squeeze the juice out of the lemon over a bowl. Scoop out the seeds. Pour the lemon juice into a glass and add the water and sugar. Stir well. Make it pink by adding a drop of red food coloring. Add ice and some green mint leaves.

Take a sip. How does old-fashioned lemonade compare with the powdered or frozen kind?



Cool Berry Cubes

These cool cubes add sparkle to any summer drink!

You'll need:

- strawberries
- an ice cube tray
- cold water

Wash the strawberries and take the stems off. Cut the strawberries so they'll fit in an ice cube compartment, and then put a strawberry into each compartment. Fill the ice cube tray to the brim. Put the tray in the freezer. In about three hours, your cool cubes will be ready to pop into your favorite drink!

Squeeeeeeze

Running warm water over the lemons makes them easier to squeeze. Rolling the lemons between your palms or on the countertop works, too.



Peach Smoothie

You'll need:

- ½ cup milk
- 1 cup of fresh peeled peaches
- 2 scoops of vanilla ice cream or frozen yogurt

Combine the milk and peaches in a blender. Stop the blender and add the ice cream. Blend till the drink is smooth. Pour into a tall glass and enjoy!

The All-American Sundae

During World War Two, girls ate red, white, and blue sundaes to show their support for American troops. Make a new version of this old treat on the Fourth of July or any other splendid summer day!

You'll need:

- 2 heaping tablespoons of marshmallow sauce
- 2 scoops of vanilla ice cream or frozen yogurt
- 2 tablespoons of sliced strawberries
- 2 tablespoons of blueberries

Put the marshmallow sauce into the bottom of a glass. Add ice cream or frozen yogurt. Arrange the berries on top.



Slurp



Great Dates in the History of Ice Cream

1846



Nancy Johnson invents the hand-cranked ice-cream freezer. To make a dish of ice cream, a girl has to turn the crank for half an hour!

1930



Thanks to electric refrigerators, ice cream is a popular dessert in American girls' homes.

1904



The newly invented ice cream cone is a hit with this family at the St. Louis World's Fair.

1950



Everyone listens for the jingle of the Good Humor truck as it drives up the block. An ice pop costs 5 cents.

1993

Ice cream is still the most popular dessert in America. American girls and their families eat more ice cream on Sunday than on any other day of the week!

Dinner's done, but there's still time for fun! Play these summer evening games.

Play



Firefly Fun

Fool fireflies with a flashlight. Hold the flashlight close to the ground. When you see a firefly's light, wait two seconds and shine your flashlight for about a second.



When the firefly flashes again, wait another two seconds and shine your light again. The firefly should come closer and closer every time. It might even land on your hand!

Flashlight Tag

The girl who is **It** holds the flashlight. As **It** counts to 50, all players run. Then **It** has to find and tag them. When **It** shines the flashlight on someone's face and calls her name, she's **It** and the game starts again!



Sardines

It hides while everybody closes their eyes. Then everyone scatters to search for **It**. As each girl finds **It**, she squeezes into the hiding place. The game ends when the last girl finds the hiding spot. Shh! No giggles!



Kick the Can

Place a can upside down in the yard. Choose someone to be **It**. On the count of three, someone kicks the can. Then everybody except **It** runs and hides.

It chases the can and puts it back in its original spot. Then **It** tries to find and tag the other players, who become her prisoners.

But **It** must also protect the can. If someone kicks the can, the prisoners run free! The game keeps going until everyone is caught or **It** is so tired she can't stand up!



Summer Night Magic

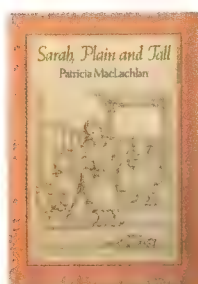
Mark August 12th on your calendar for a special night of shooting stars. It's called the Perseid Shower. Midnight is the best time to see these streaks of light in the summer sky. Ask your parents if you can plan a special family "late night." Look to the northeast for the best viewing.

Shooting stars are really meteors, bits of dust that travel through space. As they come close to the earth, they burn up and look like streamers of light. Some of the meteors you see are really as small as a grain of sand!



Dream

It's not easy to go to sleep while it's still light outside. Take a good book to bed to keep you company. Some of these books are new. Some of them are old favorites your mom might have read when she was a girl. Ask her!



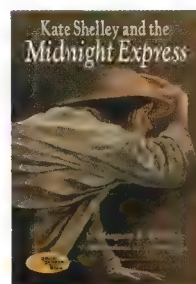
Sarah, Plain and Tall

by Patricia MacLachlan (1985). Anna and her brother await the arrival of their new stepmother, Sarah, who is coming to live in their prairie home.



Misty of Chincoteague

by Marguerite Henry (1947). The story of the small wild horses who live on an island off the coast of Virginia.



Kate Shelley and the Midnight Express

by Margaret K. Wetterer (1990). Based on the true story of a girl who risked her life in a fierce storm to prevent a train wreck.

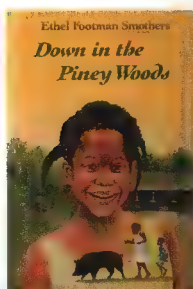


Caddie Woodlawn

by Carol Ryrie Brink (1935). The adventures of Caddie and her two brothers in their frontier home.

The Moffats

by Eleanor Estes (1941). The first of a series of adventures about four brothers and sisters who live in Cranbury, Connecticut, around 1910.



Down in the Piney Woods

by Ethel Footman Smothers (1992). Ten-year-old Annie Rye can't wait for Mama's big surprise—but she didn't expect three new sisters to move in!

Thimble Summer

by Elizabeth Enright (1938). A girl named Garnet finds a silver thimble by the river near her farm, and is sure it will bring her luck.

Tibb is ten—
and there's just
one thing she
wants for her
birthday

A Tiara for Tibb

by Constance Greene

Illustrated by Maxie Chambliss



Today Tibb was ten. Ten, a double-digit number. No more nine. Never again would she be nine. Nine was a crummy age. Nine was for babies. Nine was when you were in the fourth grade at Beecher Elementary School.

Nine was for the birds.

Tibb slipped out into the golden morning and stretched both arms above her head and wriggled her backside with pleasure.

Thank you, God, for giving me such a beautiful, wonderful day for my birthday, she thought, lifting her face to the sky. Soft air lapped against her face like warm water, and even the birds seemed to be performing just for her.

"Twit! Twit!" the birds sang joyously.

Pardon me, birds, for saying nine was for the birds. I didn't mean any disrespect. But you know what I mean. Nine is for the birds, agewise. Not you birds, just the birds.

Now you take ten. When you were ten, you went to Beecher Middle School. Nobody but fifth- and sixth-graders was allowed there. It was a whole new world. A grown-up world.

She would get her ears pierced, Tibb promised herself—if she could talk her parents into letting her. She would learn to play the clarinet really well so they'd let her play in the school orchestra. She would learn to tap-dance. She would buy herself a tiara to wear on her head when she played queen, a tiara made of real rhinestones, the only kind of tiara worth having. Tibb had seen one at a flea market. Her mother said she'd have to save the money, two dollars, and buy it herself.

Tibb had already saved one dollar and fifty cents to buy the tiara. To save the rest, she'd babysit for Mrs. Cowley, who lived next door and often paid her to watch Brian while she worked in

the house. Tibb thought Brian was cute as a bug. She would have sat for him for nothing, but Mrs. Cowley insisted on paying her.

If only the tiara was still there. Suppose someone had bought it? Suppose, when she went back with her two dollars, the tiara was gone?



No, she would not think about that. She meant to have that tiara, which was made of real rhinestones. Nothing bad could happen on a day such as this. Nothing.

And now that she was ten, she could go on the train to visit her grandparents. Alone. She would pack her purple backpack, put on her new red shoes with their neat little heels and her new blue dress with a ruffle around its wide blue hem. Then she would brush her long brown hair until it gleamed. With the tiara on her head, she would sit very still as the train pulled out of the station. She would wave once, only once, to her mother and father standing on the station platform. Then she would open her backpack and take out her book and the lunch her mother would have



packed for her, and taking tidy, neat little bites she would pretend she was a queen going on an ocean voyage.

And when she'd finished her cream cheese and olive sandwich and the apple slices dipped in cinnamon and sugar and the two chocolate-chip cookies, she would wrap up everything very carefully and tuck the wrinkled papers into her backpack to throw away when she got to her grandparents'. No litterbug was Tibb.

"Hey, Tibb." The voice was very near. Very clear. *Rats.*

"Hey, Tibb, wait for me!"

Tibb ran as if she wore wings on her heels. She ran until her heart thumped against her rib cage and threatened to pop from her chest. Behind her, the plaintive little voice kept calling, "Wait up, Tibb! It's me, Katie!"

Oh, Tibb knew who it was, all right. Katie was her shadow. Katie lived two houses down from Tibb. Katie was seven and a bit. She had pigtails, blue eyes, two little brothers with runny noses, and a gerbil. That was it. Katie haunted Tibb. Looked up to her. Tibb was Katie's idol. But Tibb

didn't want to be Katie's idol. It was too big a responsibility.

"I've got something for you, Tibb!" Katie hollered.

Tibb slowed down.

"It's a present, a birthday present for you!" Katie cried.

"Oh, well." Tibb came to a stop.

Katie shoved a tiny box at Tibb. "I saved it just for you," she said shyly.

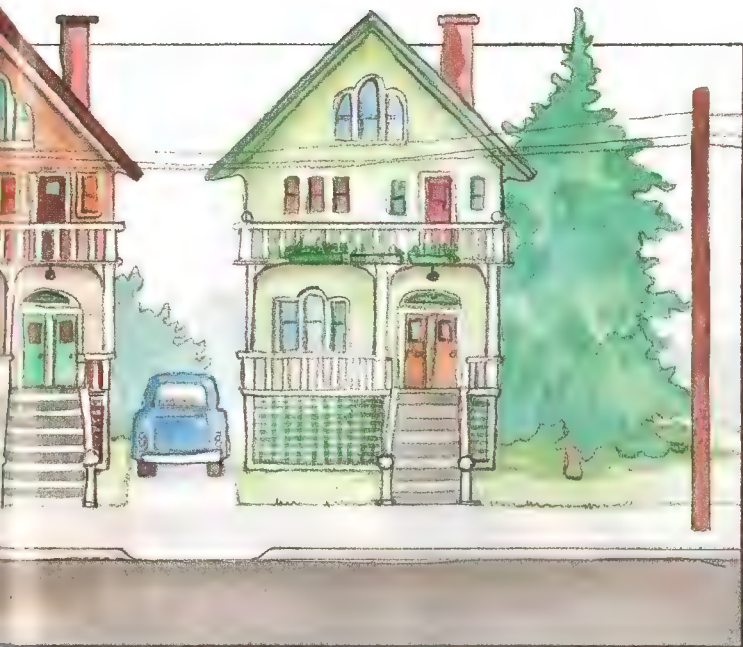
Tibb tore off the wrapping. She loved presents.

"It's my tooth," Katie said, leaning close so Tibb could smell her peanut-butter breath. "I saved it. I didn't even put it under my pillow or anything. I saved it for you, Tibb."

Tibb was flabbergasted.

Katie's tooth lay on its bed of cotton looking up at her. It was just an ugly tooth.

"Thanks," Tibb said gruffly. "You should've put it under your pillow. The tooth fairy would've paid you money for it. You shouldn't give it to me."



"My mother says the tooth fairy's too expensive," Katie said. Katie and her brothers went to day care after school was out.

"We're poor," Katie had once said, as if it was a fact of life.

"Are we rich?" Tibb had asked her mother after Katie said that.

Tibb didn't want
to be Katie's idol.
It was too big
a responsibility.

"We're rich as can be," Tibb's mother said. "We have a nice house, good food to eat, and each other. That makes us rich indeed."

Katie's father wasn't around. Katie's mother had two jobs. When Katie's little brothers' noses ran extra hard, they went to day care anyway.

"I'm never sick," Katie would say, bragging. "Good thing, too. We don't have money for a doctor." Katie said these things matter-of-factly, not asking for sympathy.

Tibb put the tooth into her pocket. "Well, thanks," she said.

"You're welcome," Katie said. "Where are you going? Can I come with you?"

"I'm going to the flea market to see if my tiara's still there," Tibb said. "You can come if you don't ask any questions."

Katie loved to ask questions.

"What's a tiara?" she said.

"It's like a crown," Tibb replied. "It's what queens wear. And princesses. Princess Di wears a tiara, people like that. Mine's made of real rhinestones."

"Real rhinestones," Katie breathed. "Are you sure they're real?"

"That's what the lady said," Tibb told Katie. "They certainly *look* real. They are so sparkly they practically put your eyes out."

"I've never seen real rhinestones," Katie said.

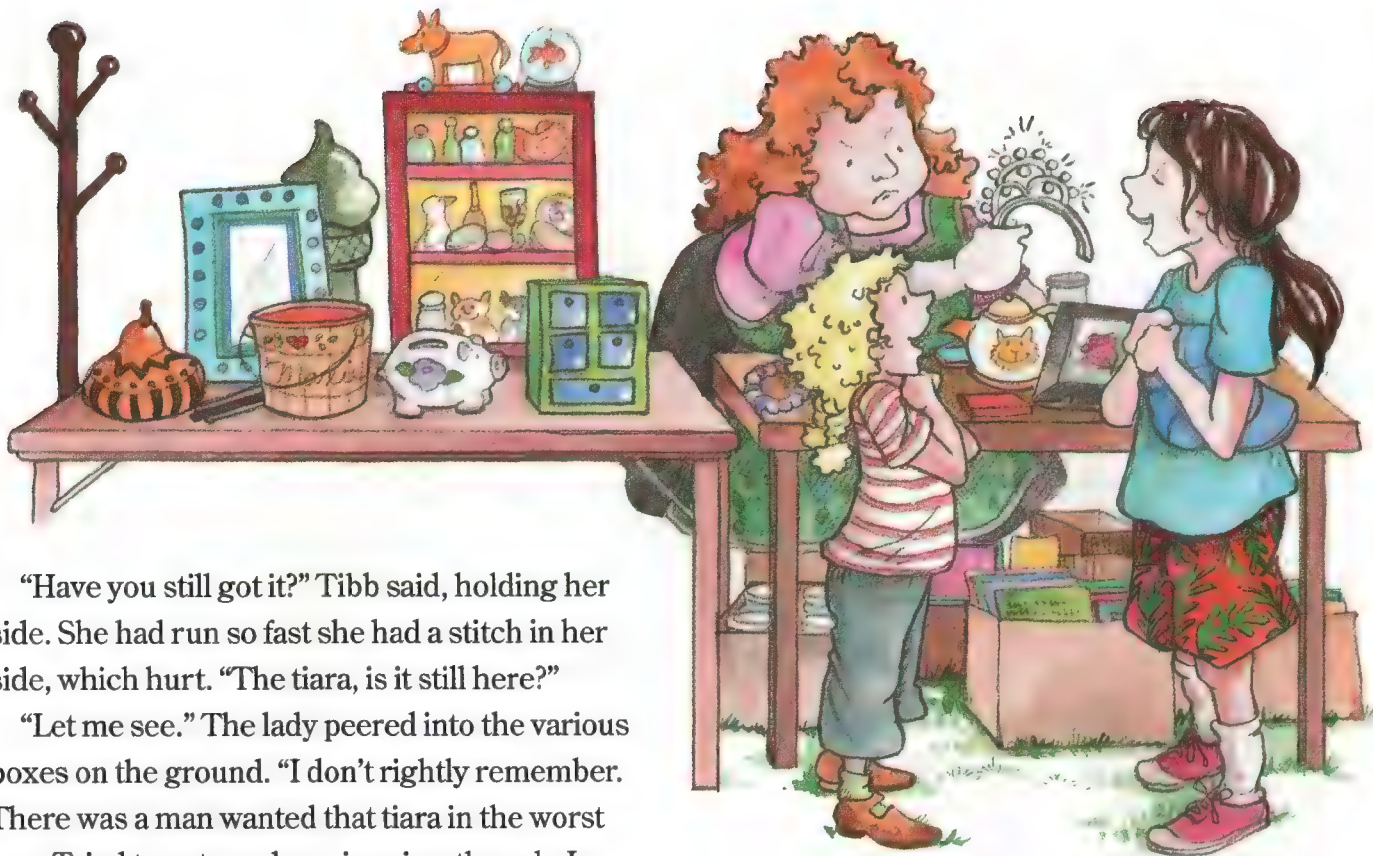
"You can come with me if you hurry," Tibb said. "I have to be sure to get there while the tiara's still there. Then I have to go home, so I can lick the frosting bowl. My mom's making me a birthday cake. It's chocolate. I always lick the bowl when it's chocolate."

"Can I help?" Katie asked.

"I don't know. I'll have to see." Tibb took off. Katie was not far behind.

When they reached the street where the flea market was, the lady was just setting up her tables, placing all the items in neat rows.

"Oh, it's you," the lady said when she saw Tibb.



"Have you still got it?" Tibb said, holding her side. She had run so fast she had a stitch in her side, which hurt. "The tiara, is it still here?"

"Let me see." The lady peered into the various boxes on the ground. "I don't rightly remember. There was a man wanted that tiara in the worst way. Tried to get me down in price, though. I don't like it when people do that. I have to make a living, don't I?" The lady frowned at Tibb. "People think it's a flea market, they can get you down in price. My prices are final."

"Is it still here?" Tibb asked again.

"Have you got the money?" the lady said.

"No, but I'll have it this afternoon," Tibb told her. "I'm babysitting. I'll have it this afternoon for sure."

"I don't know as I can hold it for you," the lady said. "I don't go much for folks who come empty-handed and expect me to treat them special. That's a first-class tiara. Who's that?" She meant Katie. "She your little sister?" the lady asked.

Tibb opened her mouth to say "No!" but Katie stepped out from behind Tibb, where she'd been hiding, and said, "That's right. I'm her little sister."

Tibb sent Katie a black look. The lady bent over and pulled the tiara out of a box. "Take a

look-see," she said. "You'll never see a finer one. See how it shines, see how the sun hits it."

"Ooh," Katie said with a sigh. "If I wore that on my head, I would be very beautiful."

Tibb smiled. She felt the same way.

"I'll be back," she told the lady. "Don't sell it to anyone else. Please."

"I'll hold it for you until noontime," the lady said. "Then I let it go to the first person with five bucks in their jeans."

"I thought you said it cost two dollars," Tibb said, fighting back tears.

"Five it is, five it was, five I let it go for," the lady said. "No more, no less. My dog needs an operation. Has to have his gall bladder out. That don't come cheap."

As Tibb turned away, she felt hot tears sting her eyes. "You said two dollars," she whispered. "I know you said two dollars."

"Never mind, Tibb," Katie said. "Never mind."

Tibb went to the Cowleys'. She loved baby Brian, the way he smiled when he saw her, his fat little hands clapping her cheeks, loved the noises he made that passed for talking. She didn't even mind changing his diaper.

"It's my birthday today," Tibb told Mrs. Cowley. "I'm ten."

"Ten's a grand age," Mrs. Cowley said. "Congratulations. What did you get for your birthday, Tibb?"

"I got a lavender bike," Tibb said. "My father has to put it together. It's very beautiful and it will last me all of my days, he says."

"That sounds lovely," Mrs. Cowley said.

"How long do you want me to watch Brian today?" Tibb asked. "I have to be back at the flea market by noon. The lady said she'd hold my tiara for me until noon, no later."

"Lucky you," Mrs. Cowley said. "I've always wanted a tiara. If I had one, I'd wear it while I did

"I thought you said it cost two dollars," Tibb said, fighting back tears.

the wash and vacuumed and ironed, and it would make me feel very regal and royal. Never found one I could afford, though."

Tibb hesitated, then she told Mrs. Cowley what had happened. "First she said it cost two dollars, then she changed it to five dollars," Tibb said. "I hope I might get some money from my

grandparents in the mail. They sometimes send me money for my birthday, but I can't count on it."

At a quarter to twelve, Mrs. Cowley came out to where Tibb was watching Brian in his playpen.

"This is for you, Tibb," she said, handing Tibb a crisp new five-dollar bill. "Happy birthday!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Cowley!" Tibb cried.

Katie was waiting on the sidewalk. "My granny is staying with the boys today," she said. "She gave me money to buy her cereal and bread and milk. Look here—" and Katie showed Tibb a five-dollar bill. "I'm rich. I like being rich," Katie said. "Are you going after the tiara? I told Granny about it. She said it couldn't be real for five dollars. I said it was."

"If you're tagging along with me," Tibb said, "you have to promise to keep quiet. You talk too much."

"That's what my mother says," Katie said. "I can't help it. I have a lot on my mind." She tucked her five dollars into her sock for safekeeping.

"Well, pipe down or you can't come."

When they got to the flea market, Tibb's breath whooshed out of her. She saw a woman holding her tiara up to the light, turning it this way and that, obviously delighted with it.

"I'll take it," the woman said as Tibb came rushing up.

"Oh, no!" Tibb cried. "You can't. It's mine!"

"This lady was here ahead of you," the flea-market lady said.

"But I have the five dollars," Tibb cried. "You promised!"

"Oh, my," said the lady with the tiara in her hand.

"My money!" Katie shouted suddenly. "I lost my money. I put it inside my sock and it must have fallen out. Granny will kill me." Katie's big eyes grew even bigger.

"Check your pockets," Tibb said. "And both your socks." Katie did as Tibb told her. The money was gone.

"It was all the money Granny had for the week," Katie said sadly. "That's what she said. What'll I do?"

Some force stronger than she was made Tibb push her five dollars at Katie.

"Here, take it," she said. "It doesn't matter. The tiara doesn't matter that much. Take my money."

Katie's face lighted up. "Thanks, Tibb," she said. "You're a real pal."

"It was all the money Granny had for the week," Katie said sadly.

Tibb turned and trudged toward home, her heart heavy as a rock in her chest. She looked back and saw the woman give some money to the flea-market lady, who handed her the tiara. *I shouldn't have given Katie that money, she thought. It was mine. Mrs. Cowley gave it to me. Now I'll never never get a tiara made of real rhinestones. My life will never be the same without that tiara.*

"Wait!" a voice cried. "Little girl, wait!"

It was the lady who'd bought the tiara. She held it out to Tibb. "That was a kind and generous thing you just did, and I want you to have the tiara," she said. "Please take it. It will make me happy if you do."



"Today is my birthday," Tibb said. "I'm ten."

"Perfect!" the lady said. "It's my birthday present to you. Besides, it'll look better on you than on me."

"Thank you," Tibb said. "You are a good person."

The lady laughed. "It's been a while since anyone told me that," she said.

Tibb put the tiara on and walked home with her head held high. The sunlight soared and glittered on the real rhinestones, and people passing by stopped to watch Tibb go.

"I feel like a queen," Tibb said.

And Katie, skipping alongside, said, "Well, you are, sort of."

Meet the Author

Constance Greene



When I was a child, I wanted pink satin toe shoes and a diamond tiara.

I got the toe shoes and found I could barely stand up

in them. I never did get the tiara, but my granddaughter Nora bought one at a tag sale—made of "real rhinestones," she proudly told me. Thus a story was born!

Who's That Girl?

Here's an American girl of yesterday. Read the clues about her and guess who she became when she grew up.



Clue 1

When I was growing up we lived in Houston, Texas. My family was full of people who loved a good story. We were also baseball fans.



Clue 2

Since I was an only child, I read a lot. One of my favorite books was *Little Women*. My favorite character? Why, Jo, the writer, of course!



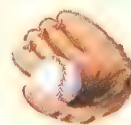
Clue 3

I always drew the school posters and often got in trouble for doodling during class. My best subject was always English and my worst was math.



Clue 4

My biggest dream was to have adventures and lead an exciting life. I wanted to see the world!



Clue 5

When I was nine I wanted to play third base for the New York Yankees. When I found out that you had to be a boy to get the job, I decided to become an artist instead.



Clue 6

Here I am in my cousin's graduation cap. I liked getting my picture taken. On his graduation day I insisted on being a star, too!

Take a guess!

When she grew up, this girl became:

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> a pilot | <input type="checkbox"/> a writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> a baseball player | <input type="checkbox"/> an artist |

Meet Linda Ellerbee

NICKELODEON

W/5 stands for the five questions Linda always answers when she writes or tells a news story: Who?, What?, Where?, When?, and Why?

Although Linda loved to sketch and doodle when she was a girl, as a high-school student she realized that she was a much better writer than artist.

Today Linda is president of her own T.V. production company, called Lucky Duck

Productions. The people at Lucky Duck create *Nick News W/5*. Growing up in a family full of storytellers paid off: Linda tells stories now all the time!

As the executive producer of *Nick News W/5*, Linda is in charge of a staff of 15 people whose



job it is to dig up great news stories. As the writer of the show, Linda turns their work into informative and entertaining television reports. Linda also hosts the show. She still likes to be the star in front of a camera!

In addition to *Nick News*, Linda produces, writes, and hosts other news specials for kids. She has also written two best-selling books.

What does Linda like most about her job? "Every day my job is a little bit different. I talk to different people and work on different stories. That's a wonderful way to work!"

Linda's advice to American girls

"If you believe with all your heart that you are right, do it your own way. Only dead fish always swim with the stream!"

Linda Ellerbee



The Giggle Gang

by mouse



"Water you up to this summer?"



Lemonade Lily

In the picture below, glasses 2, 4, and 6 are full of lemonade. What is the fewest number of lemonade glasses Lily will have to touch in order to arrange the lemonades like the orange juices in the front row?



Answers on page 47.

Word Squares

By changing just one letter at a time, you can turn the word *mice* into *rose*.

m	i	c	e
r	i	c	e
r	i	s	e
r	o	s	e

Do three word squares of your own, using the words below:

- game
lace
- some
cane
- like
bale

Why is the sky so high? So birds won't hit their heads.

Macall S. Dickson
Age 12, Sewickley, Pennsylvania

When does it rain money? When there's a change in the weather.

Sharon Nicole Robbins
Age 9, Dallas, Texas

Britt Rosenberg
Age 9, Vancouver, Washington

Why should you never tell secrets in a garden? Because the corn has ears, the potatoes have eyes, and the celery stalks,

Michele Shilling
Age 9, Verona, New Jersey

What's easy to get into but hard to get out of? Trouble!

Cristyn Beenan
Age 10, Bakersfield, California

What insect does well in school? A spelling bee.

What do you call a babysitter who shows up for work with a crash helmet and a catcher's mask? Experienced.
 Erin Johnson
 Age 11, Greenville, North Carolina
 Why do bananas like to suntan?

The Giggle Gang



Canoe believe... summer's finally HERE!

Fortune-Telling

Ask a friend to name four colors, four states, the names of four boys you know, and four animals. Write the things she names in four columns, like this:

Colors	States	Boys	Animals
Red	Ohio	Alex	Cat
Blue	California	Brady	Giraffe
pink	mississippi	Zachary	Dolphin
Yellow	Utah	Jose	Gerbil

Then ask your friend to pick a number between 1 and 10. Say she picks 6. Count out six words, going from top to bottom and column to column. Cross out whatever word you land on.



Do the same thing again and again. **After a word has been crossed out, don't count it.** As soon as you have only one thing left in a column, circle it. **After a word has been circled, don't count it.** Keep going using the words that are left until you have one thing left in each column, like this:

Colors	States	Boys	Animals
Red	Ohio	Alex	Cat
Blue	California	Brady	Giraffe
Pink	Mississippi	Zachary	Dolphin
Yellow	Utah	Jose	Gerbil

Now you can tell your friend's fortune: When she grows up she'll drive a pink car and marry Brady and live in Mississippi with a pet giraffe!

Because they want to peel.

Annie King
 Age 8, Willowbrook, Illinois

Why did the little boy put ice cream in his dad's bed? Because he wanted a cold pop.

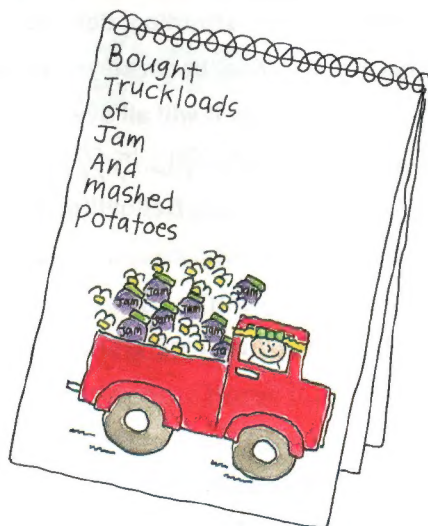
Telegrams

You'll need a group of friends and some paper and pencils to play this game.

To begin, sit in a circle. Take turns calling out a letter of the alphabet. As each letter is called out, everyone writes it down on her paper. Keep calling out letters till you have six or seven. Every player's paper should have the same letters written on it. Let's say these are the letters you and your friends came up with:



Now you're ready to make a telegram. Write a message using each of these letters as the first letter of a word. It should be the wackiest, funniest message you can imagine: "Bought truckloads of jam and mashed potatoes." Vote on whose message is the best. Illustrate them for fun!



Brainteasers

Leslie and Lorna have the same parents. Leslie and Lorna look exactly alike. They are the same age, yet they are not twins. How can this be possible?

of a set of triplets.

Leslie and Lorna are two members

Megan Castleman

Benton, Illinois

Two baseball teams played a game. One team won without a man touching home plate. How did this happen?

They were all girls!

Kelly Klocke

Age 9, Cincinnati, Ohio

Answers

Find-It 1: page 23

Find-It 2: page 33

Find-It 3: page 27

Find-It 4: paper doll

Find-It 5: pages 13 and 19

Find-It 6: page 7

Lemonade: One. Just pour glass 2 into glass 5!

Word Squares

1. Game, Gate, Late, Lace

2. Some, Come, Cone, Cane

3. Like, Bike, Bake, Bale

You'll find the Buzzword, *splendiferous*, on page 33.

HELP!

Dear American Girl,

There's a girl at school who lives down the street from me. The second I met her I thought we were going to be best friends. Well, I was right for a while. Then after she got to be friends with everyone at school she dumped me. Then during the summer for two years she was my friend again. This year she went real far and told lies to everybody about me! What do I do?!

Hurt and Confused

You could ask this girl, "Why are you nice to me one minute and mean to me the next?" Some girls will find it harder to be two-faced if you let them know you understand what they're doing. Whatever you do, don't waste time being friends with a girl who hurts your feelings over and over.



Dear American Girl,

I have a lot of trouble with my dog, Rachel. I can't even play with her. She is so wild! What should I do?

Hallie



If Rachel is a puppy, she's probably just frisky. She'll calm down as she gets older. If she's grown up, try taking her to obedience school. We talked to veterinarian Dr. Keith Reiman, who said that obedience school can teach a dog to follow your commands and teach you to understand your dog. Besides, it's one more way for you and Rachel to have a good time together!



Dear American Girl,

I'm ten years old, and I like to play with Barbie dolls. I'm afraid to tell my friends because I think they might make fun of me! What should I do?

A Doll Lover in Brooklyn

Ask your friends straight out if they play with Barbie. If they say yes, you'll have someone to play with. If they say no, you have a choice: You can change the subject, or you can say, "I do!" If you act as if it's the most natural thing in the world—which it is!—most girls won't have the nerve to make fun.



Advice from You

"I used to be a lot taller than most of the girls in my class, even though I'm the youngest. But now all the ones that used to be a lot shorter are almost as tall as I am. So if you're in this situation, don't feel you're alone, because you're not. Soon it will all even out."

Ann Moglia
Age 11, Belleville, Illinois

Need advice? Write:

HELP!

American Girl

8400 Fairway Place
Middleton, WI 53562

6. How do you play the Quiet Game?



Li'l Sis, by William H. Johnson, 1944

Imagine *that it's a steaming hot summer afternoon.*

On any other summer's day you'd be swimming with your friends in the creek. But today is special. Today's the day your Uncle Willie is finally going to paint your picture!

Your uncle, William Johnson, is a famous painter, and he's come home to Florence, South Carolina, for a visit. For weeks he's been painting pictures of everybody in town, and now it's your turn. As you pose with your doll, you swat away the flies that are pestering you. And as Uncle

Willie paints, he tells you about life in New York City, where the buildings are as tall as the sky.

When he's done, Uncle Willie lets you take a peek. It certainly doesn't look like you! But somehow this picture *feels* like it's really you, with your doll by your side and a bow in your hair, standing with your bare feet in the hot dirt. Uncle Willie even shows you clutching the flyswatter. It feels like you and it feels like summer—just as Uncle Willie wanted it to.



American Girl™

coming up in the September/October issue

Sneak Preview!

Into the Night, by Connie Porter

A story about Addy, the newest American Girl

Cool Stuff for Back to School

American Girl fills three book bags with great new school supplies



Talk It Out: School Clothes

You wear them, but who picks them?

It's All in a Day's Work

Girls on the job, yesterday and today



Gather Your Ghoulfriends

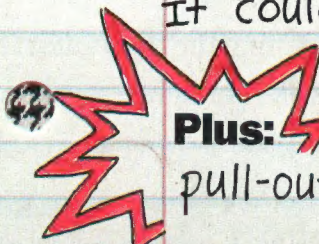
It's the best Halloween party ever!

Winner of the American Girl

Poetry Contest

It could be you!



Plus:  The Giggle Gang and your pull-out pop-out paper doll #6